

## The second part of

*Boy* The musique is come sir. *enter musicke.*

*Fal.* Let them play, play sirs, sit on my knee Doll, a rascall bragging flauel the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

*Dol* Yfaith and thou followdst him like a church, thou horson little tydee Bartholemew borepigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting a daies and foyning a nights, and begin to patch vp thine old body for heauen.

*Enter Prince and Poynes.*

*Fal.* Peace good Doll, do not speake like a deathes head, do not bid me remember mine end.

*Dol* Sirr a, what humour's the prince of?

*Fal.* A good shallow yong fellow, a would haue made a good pantler, a would a chipt bread wel.

*Dol* They say Poynes has a good wit.

*Fal.* He a good wit? hang him baboon, his wit's as thicke as Tewksbury mustard, theres no more conceit in him then is in a mallet.

*Dol* Why does the prince loue him so then?

*Fal.* Because their legges are both of a bignesse, and a plaies at quoytes well, and eates cunger and fennel, and drinckes off candles. endes for flappe-dragons, and rides the wilde mare with the boyes, and iumpes vpon ioynd-stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his bootes very smoothe like vnto the signe of the Legge, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories, and such other gambole faculties a has that show a weake minde, and an able bodie for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another, the weight of a haire wil turne scales between their haber de poiz.

*Prince* Would not this naue of a wheele haue his eares cut off?

*Poynes* Lets beate him before his whore.

*Prince* Looke where the witherd elder hath not his poule clawd like a parrot.

*Poynes* Is it not strange that desire should so many yeeres out linc performance.

*Falst.* Kisse me Doll.

*Prince*

## Henry the fourth.

*Prince* Saturne and Venus this yeere in coniunction? what saies th' Almanacke to that?

*Poyns* And look whether the fierie Trigon his man be not lipping to his master, old tables, his note booke, his counsel keeper?

*Falst.* Thou dost giue me flattering buflles.

*Dol* By my troth I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

*Falst.* I am old, I am old.

*Dol.* I loue thee better then I loue, ere a scurvy yong boy of them all.

*Fal.* What stuffe wilt haue a kirtle of? I shall receiue mony a thursday, thalt haue a cap to morrow: a merry song, come it growes late, weele to bed, thou't forget me when I am gone.

*Dol* Ey my troth thou't set me a weeping and thou saist so, proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome til thy returne, wel hearken a th end.

*Fal.* Some sacke Francis.

*Prince, Poynes* Anon anon sir.

*Falst.* Ha? a bastard sonne of the Kings? and arte not thou Poynes his brother?

*Prince* Why thou globe of sinfull continents, what a life dost thou leade?

*Falst.* A better then thou, I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

*Prince* Very true sir, and I come to drawe you out by the eares.

*Hof.* O the Lord preferue thy grace: by my troth welcom to London, now the Lord blesse that sweete face of thine, O Iesu, are you come from Wales?

*Falst.* Thou horson madde compound of maiestie, by this light, flesh, and corrupt bloud, thou art welcome.

*Doll* How? you fat foole I scorne you.

*Poynes* Mylorde, he will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a meriment if you take not the heate.

*Prince* You horson candlemine you, how vildly did you speake of me now, before this honest, vertuous, ciuill gentlewoman?

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*Hof.*